March 9-'17

My darling Joe: ——

Please forgive me for accusing you of failing to write for two days, for it seems that yesterday two letters came — and oh! oh! Joe, what a wonderful letter that big, fat one is — I have read it and reread it, hugged it and squeezed it and kissed it because I felt it was you. My letter may have put pep into you, but yours put so much love into me, that I felt that I'll have to get as fat as Mrs. Maass to have enough room for my heart. It feels so big that it actually hurts! There is nothing — no member, no object — nothing that I can compare its

employed by the big hospitals in New York - to cure millions and millions of sick and ailing - and ahem! — am capable of handling large and small cases of all kinds with remarkable and unheard of accurateness and skill - and so ahem! ahem! — I believe you may place utter confidence in me!

Joe, dear, I had a most delightful time at your house yesterday night — one which I shall never never forget. I was so impressed - especially when your grandfather sang the prayers of all the holidays that the tears came into my eyes, and that sinking feeling into my heart - You know that greatness is — nothing at all, Except the simple words, I love you, Joe.

I am so happy Joe, that you have gotten rid of that nasty cold, and now that you are feeling better, I'll admit I was actually and truly worried. I had to smile when I read of your caution, for me to take care of myself; - its you that needs this advice, and its you whom I want to follow it. You will, won't you, Joe? Don't, in any case, fail to tell me if in anyway you feel the slightest pain or discomfort, for fear of worrying me. You know I am an experienced and capable pharmacist

feeling that comes creeping over you when you see a bride getting married. As for the setting of the table — and the wonderful supper your mother prepared — well, Joe dear, you know just what its like — so, I shan't write about it — just describe it as being wonderful! Least I should tell you how I looked for you in the corner of the station and how — how disappointed I was to find that which I fear would be — was true. oh! No Joe, there — Blue Joe —? Miss You? Thats all I have. Write for Your's and my peace of mind sake.

Your father had brought home for your mother a beautiful bouquet of flowers — and to him I hoped & th[illegible] I felt

so happy and yet so lonely. Your grandfather gave a toast — and one to me — "You know why, and I tell you I shall get drunk that day" he told me. I could only look at him, drop my eyes and thank him, — but what I felt like doing — was kissing him. I told you, Joe, and I know it for sure now. that I love your grandfather (maybe because, and only because he belongs to you). Shall I tell you what Rose and I did? We dressed as Rag-muffins and called on your next door neighbors — dressed as two lean brummels — Rose in your father's tuxedo or swallow tail or what ever you

Finally I felt that it must be
getting late, and Polly says "oh!
its only about 9 o'clock". The result
of that 9 o'clock was that I had
to call up home — and Edna
answered with — not a hello,
or who is this? — but with "Mamma
says "you should come right home!"
I was speechless with surprise! and
so had to leave it to Rose to do the
coaxing — well, anyway, I stayed
over night and left this morning
with Rose. Mother was a little
angry when I came home, but
I kissed it all away — and promised
never! never! to do it again!
Solemnly promised! That is
why I only received your big fat

call it and I in an ordinary
suit. If ever I saw you in Rose
I did then — if I didn't know
it was Rose, — I should have
been positive it was my Joe.
I wish you could have seen Mrs.
Lippman's facial expression!
She thought we were two young
men come acalling! I laughed
until my stomach fairly ached —
and oh! everyone else — fairly
scream. Rose had your grand-
fathers handkerchief stuck
out from the back pocket. In
all of the fun you were constantly
in my mind — in everyone's, too.
and how happy I was when I
heard of that box which had
been shipped to you. My Polly

letter to-night.

I am not only surprised but greatly and sadly disappointed in this lawyer Goldberger. Such a way to treat a fellow lawyer! He should be ashamed of himself - especially since he knows by actual experience what every case means to a young lawyer - not only financially but as far as a reputation is concerned. And to deliberately let them slip through his fingers! Don't let it bother you, Joe, for you see, it only proves how much and what your clients think of you, after all. One came back to make sure before he gave his case to another lawyer, and the other lawyer was the, either, I gather. And so the other one will act too.

You'll hear from him, I am sure. I tell you, sweetheart, I am proud of you! I should say so!

Last Sunday, as I wrote before, was a miserable day, and I took advantage of it - by starting on my first cooking lesson. I fried toast and on this ~~plat~~ placed the salmon and over all put some sauce. Joe, I tell you it took great, and tasted as good as it looked - so everyone said. And it is wasn't for the burnt fingers, I should never have known that I had cooked. You see, I had to try the heat of the ~~oven~~ on my hand, so as not to burn the toast. I

satisfied. If you choose to, you can still look about, and let me know. I only realize now how little I know — they tell me fumed oak is the very latest and the prettiest as well. I do not know what it is and so can pass no opinion as to its beauty. Tell me what you think of this plan. In the meanwhile I am husbanding every spare minute I can get.

As for Jo, I haven't seen Jo for any length of time, and so could not get any positive opinion from him. But I will succeeded in turning my hand and almost as successful as far as the toast was concerned. I am so discouraged — for I feel it will take me so long — maybe never — to cook as well as you mother — especially after what I saw last night.

I have a suggestion to make, Joe regarding the furniture I have thought that perhaps it would be better if we should pick out the things when I get down — and it won't take long at all to get things fixed nicely. For I realized how expensive these pieces of furniture cost to, and I want both of us to be entirely

explain to him Sunday and ask him to write to you about it. That will probably be the best.

As yet neither of your parents have been down but your mother promised to come down soon.

And now, dear sweet heart, this will have to satisfy you — for I haven't another but a visiting or play hour, — most of it I turn over to the dispensary — I feel perfectly at home — so that I can write from there when ever my afternoon half hour of recreation rolls around. Mr. Swallow makes me rest every afternoon about 3 o'clock. He is wonderfully nice to me. As soon as I mail this I shall go directly to bed and dream of my honeymoon. I am tired — with a sweet good night kiss

(I had to keep the office open until 5 o'clock to finish up some work — I shall send you the bills & receipts.)

(and you need not be worry about me — I am perfectly well.)